

# ACTION

PICTURE  
LIBRARY

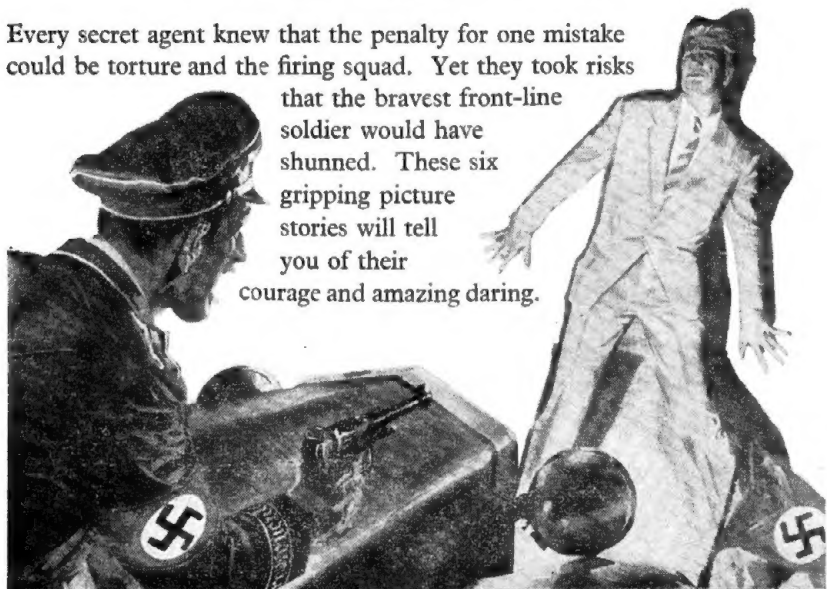
No. 22 **1/3**  
EIRE 1/6

A dynamic action illustration of a man with spiky brown hair, wearing a red sweater and dark trousers, leaping through the air. He is holding a large silver handgun in his right hand, which is extended forward. His left arm is outstretched behind him. The background is a fiery orange and yellow, suggesting a sky or explosion. In the lower foreground, a large, grey, metallic object, possibly a piece of wreckage or a vehicle, is visible. The overall style is reminiscent of classic pulp magazine covers.

# SKY-JACK!

# SIX TALES OF NERVE-TINGLING TENSION

Every secret agent knew that the penalty for one mistake could be torture and the firing squad. Yet they took risks that the bravest front-line soldier would have shunned. These six gripping picture stories will tell you of their courage and amazing daring.



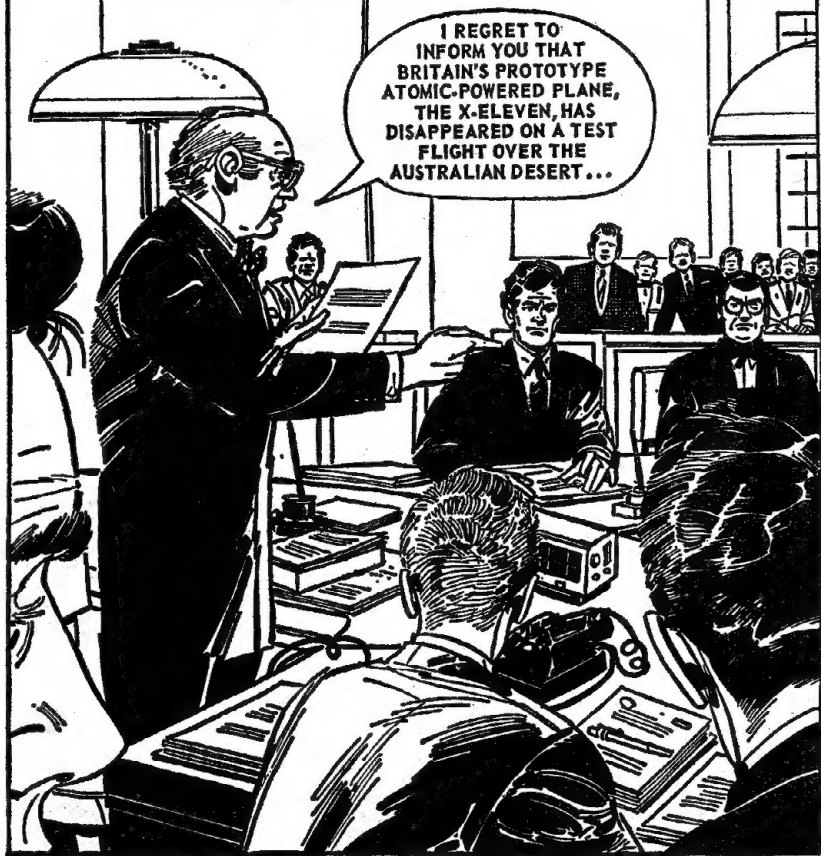
**SECRET AGENT**  
**PICTURE LIBRARY HOLIDAY SPECIAL**

OUT NOW! 3/- from newsagents and booksellers everywhere.

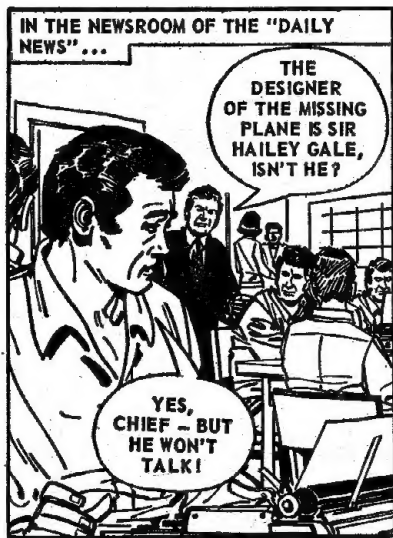
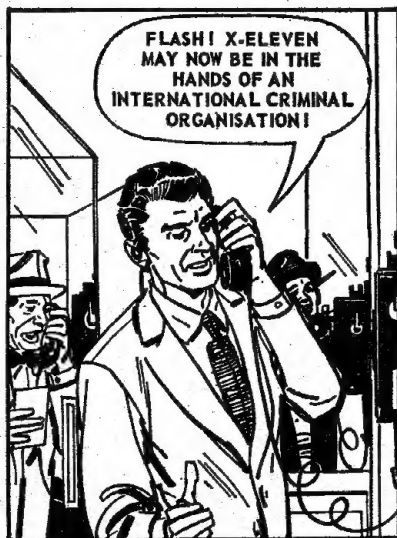
# SKY-JACK!

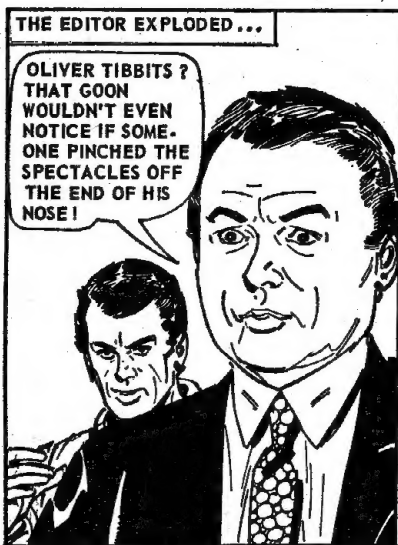
THE CROWDED PRESS CONFERENCE WAS SUDDENLY HUSHED WITH DISMAY. THE PRIME MINISTER WAS ANNOUNCING THAT AN APPALLING BLOW HAD BEFALLEN BRITAIN...

I REGRET TO  
INFORM YOU THAT  
BRITAIN'S PROTOTYPE  
ATOMIC-POWERED PLANE,  
THE X-ELEVEN, HAS  
DISAPPEARED ON A TEST  
FLIGHT OVER THE  
AUSTRALIAN DESERT...



REPORTERS RUSHED TO TELEPHONE THEIR NEWSPAPERS.





THE NEWS EDITOR TRACKED OLIVER DOWN...

I'VE AN  
IMPORTANT  
JOB FOR YOU,  
OLIVER.

I DON'T  
DO NEWS  
STORIES ANY  
MORE! I'M  
LOOKING AFTER  
THE SERIAL  
STORY PAGE -  
AND I'VE JUST  
GOT A SMASHER  
FROM A NEW  
WRITER!

OLIVER TIBBITS, A FAILURE AS A  
REPORTER, LIKED HIS NEW JOB.

IT'S A STORY  
ABOUT AN ACE SECRET  
AGENT CALLED SEFTON  
KANE!

FORGET SEFTON  
KANE!

BUT THIS SERIAL WILL BE A WOW!  
SEFTON KANE TAKES UP WHERE  
JAMES BOND LEFT OFF! LOOK  
AT OUR ARTIST'S DRAWING  
OF HIM!





THE NEWS EDITOR STARTED AGAIN - SLOWLY ...





THE AIRCRAFT DESIGNER, SIR HAILEY GALE, WAS STAYING AT THE SAVILLE-ROYAL HOTEL. THE RECEPTIONIST TELEPHONED OLIVER'S REQUEST...





SIR HAILEY WAS LOOKING HARASSED ...

WHY DO YOU BOTHER  
ME TODAY, OLIVER? THE  
DAY MY X-ELEVEN HAS  
VANISHED!

TELL ME  
ABOUT IT,  
SIR ...

THE PLANE LACKED  
THE URANEX FUEL FOR  
IT TO BE FLOWN OUT OF  
AUSTRALIA! I MUST  
GO OUT THERE ...

I'M POSITIVE THE  
CRIMINALS' NEXT  
MOVE WILL BE TO  
SNATCH THE  
SPECIAL TRUCK  
THAT CARRIES THE  
FUEL FOR THE PLANE - IT'S IN  
BRISBANE ...

I SEE,  
SIR ...

AT THAT MOMENT, THE HEAVY-DRAPE CURTAIN PARTED.



A SECOND INTRUDER STEPPED FROM THE BALCONY INTO THE ROOM.



OLIVER COULD ONLY GAPE IN  
AMAZEMENT...

THIS IS  
FANTASTIC!  
IT'S JUST  
LIKE A SEFTON  
KANE STORY!  
WHAT WOULD  
KANE DO  
NOW?



I'LL SEE  
YOU HANGED  
FIRST!

I DON'T  
THINK SO, SIR  
HAILEY! NOW,  
ARE YOU COMING  
QUIETLY...?



BY THIS TIME, OLIVER HAD DECIDED WHAT SEFTON KANE WOULD DO...

TAKE  
THAT, YOU  
CROOK!





THE PISTOL SLAMMED AGAINST OLIVER'S HEAD. HE SEEMED TO BE FALLING INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT, CLINGING TO HIS LAST CONSCIOUS THOUGHT.

KANE WOULD  
LICK 'EM - KANE -  
KANE...

THE GUNMEN LEFT OLIVER WHERE HE HAD FALLEN...

THAT FOOL WON'T  
TROUBLE US NOW! CHLOROFORM  
SIR HAILEY AND GET HIM DOWN  
THE FIRE ESCAPE...



IT WAS TWO HOURS BEFORE THE HOTEL MANAGEMENT DISCOVERED SIR HAILEY HAD DISAPPEARED. THEY CALLED THE POLICE.

THIS IS SIR HAILEY GALE'S ROOM, SIR.

WHO THE BLAZES IS THAT ON THE FLOOR?



WHEN OLIVER TIBBITS EVENTUALLY RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...

WHO ARE YOU?

ALL - ALL I KNOW IS MY NAME'S - KANE - AND THERE'S A JOB I LEFT UNFINISHED...



SEFTON KANE'S MY NAME! CHECK WITH M.I. SIX IF YOU WANT TO - THEY KNOW ME!

THE RECEPTION CLERK SAYS YOU'RE A NEWS PAPER MAN!





THE PISTOL-SLUGGING HAD LEFT OLIVER WITH A FIERCE HEADACHE,  
BUT HE SHRUGGED IT OFF ...



BACK TO ROOM 214 WENT THE INSPECTOR. THERE ...



THE POLICEMEN RUSHED ON TO THE BALCONY ...



**BUT THE MAN WHO CLAIMED HE WAS SEFTON KANE  
WAS ONLY WAITING FOR THE RIGHT TRANSPORT  
TO COME ALONG...**

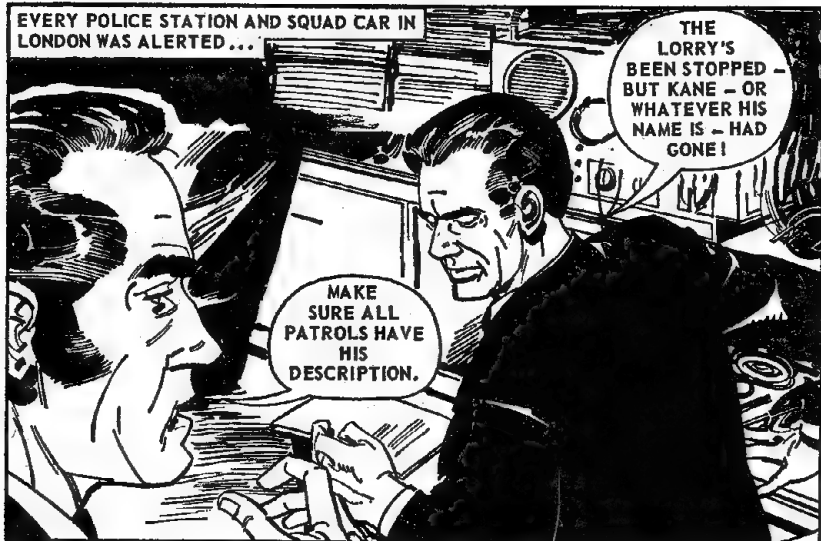
**HE'S  
DROPPED ON  
TO THE TRUCK,  
SIR!**

**BY  
THUNDER!  
THE MAN'S GOT  
NERVE!**



**TAKE THE  
NUMBER OF THAT  
TRUCK - AND GET A  
CALL SENT OUT!**

EVERY POLICE STATION AND SQUAD CAR IN LONDON WAS ALERTED...



THE LORRY'S BEEN STOPPED - BUT KANE - OR WHATEVER HIS NAME IS - HAD GONE!

MAKE SURE ALL PATROLS HAVE HIS DESCRIPTION.

"SEFTON KANE" WAS ALREADY AT LONDON AIRPORT...



H.Q. CERTAINLY DID A GOOD JOB FIXING ME UP WITH A COVER NAME LIKE OLIVER TIBBITS - PASSPORT AND PRESS CARD.

PASSENGERS FOR AUSTRALIA THIS WAY, PLEASE...

SO IMMERSED WAS HE IN HIS NEW IDENTITY THAT EVEN THE NAME OF OLIVER TIBBITS MEANT NOTHING TO HIM!

A NEWSPAPERMAN, EH? IT GIVES ME AN EXCELLENT REASON FOR GETTING AFTER SIR HAILEY'S KIDNAPPERS AND THE MISSING X-ELEVEN ...



THE ONLY LEAD I'VE GOT IS THE COMPANY THAT OWNS THE SPECIAL TRUCK THE GANG WILL NEED TO RE-FUEL THE HIDDEN X-ELEVEN...

IN BRISBANE, OLIVER FOUND THE OFFICES OF THE TRANS-STATE HAULAGE COMPANY ...



I'M A NEWSPAPERMAN! I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW THE DRIVER OF YOUR URANEX FUEL TRUCK!

BEAT IT, COBBER! THAT TRUCK'S TOP SECRET, BY ORDER OF THE AUTHORITIES!



THE AUSSIE TRUCK DRIVERS - SOME OF THE TOUGHEST IN THE WORLD - GRINNED AT OLIVER'S BRUSQUE DISMISSAL.





HE DRIFTED OFF TOWARDS THE TRUCK PARK...

NO SIGN THAT  
THE TRUCK FLEET  
IS SPECIALLY GUARDED.  
THE URANEX TRUCK  
ISN'T THERE,  
OBVIOUSLY...



BUT THE COMPANY'S DEPOT IS  
GUARDED! THE TRUCK MUST BE IN  
THERE! I'LL STICK AROUND, I THINK...



WHEN THE MOON WAS UP, OLIVER  
NOTICED MOVEMENT AROUND THE  
DEPOT BUILDING...



THE GUARD ON THE BUILDING HAD DISAPPEARED. THE "SECRET AGENT"  
PROMPTLY CLIMBED A DRAIN-PIPE TO THE NEAREST WINDOW AND PEERED INSIDE...



EASING THE WINDOW OPEN, OLIVER  
CLAMBERED THROUGH...



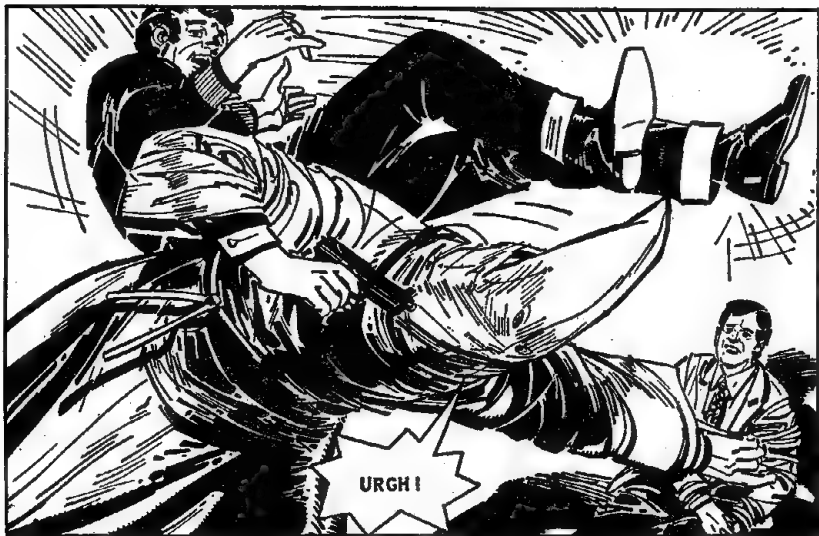
THE LAST RESISTANCE ON THE FLOOR OF THE DEPOT HAD CEASED ...

THAT'S THE  
URANEX TRUCK!  
GIVE IT THE FALSE  
NUMBER  
PLATES!



IF THE GANG  
ARE GOING TO TAKE  
THE TRUCK AWAY, I'M  
GOING WITH IT! AT  
LEAST IT'LL LEAD  
ME TO THE STOLEN  
PLANE.

HE LEAPED TOWARDS THE TRUCK'S ROOF - AND MISJUDGED HIS JUMP COMPLETELY!





THE DOUBLE DOORS OF THE DEPOT SLID OPEN AND THE URANEX TRUCK STARTED UP.

YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THE GANG, KANE! ARE YOU GOING TO LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS?

CERTAINLY NOT! THAT TRUCK IS GOING TO TAKE ME TO WHERE THE X-ELEVEN IS HIDDEN! SORRY I'VE NO TIME TO UNTIE YOU!

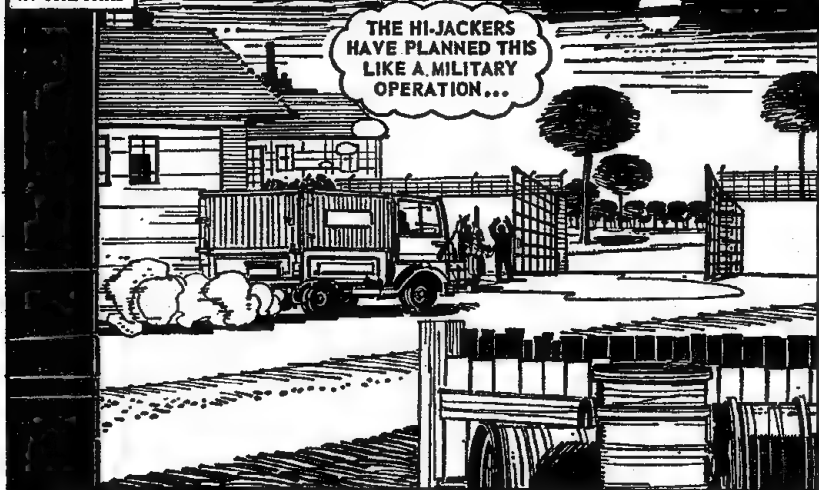
AS THE DISGUISED VEHICLE WENT PAST HIM, OLIVER LEAPED ON TO THE TAIL-BOARD.

MADE IT! NOW ~ IF I CAN GET ON TO THE ROOF...



AT THE GATES OF THE COMPANY COMPOUND, THE GUARDS STOOD WITH THEIR HANDS IN THE AIR.

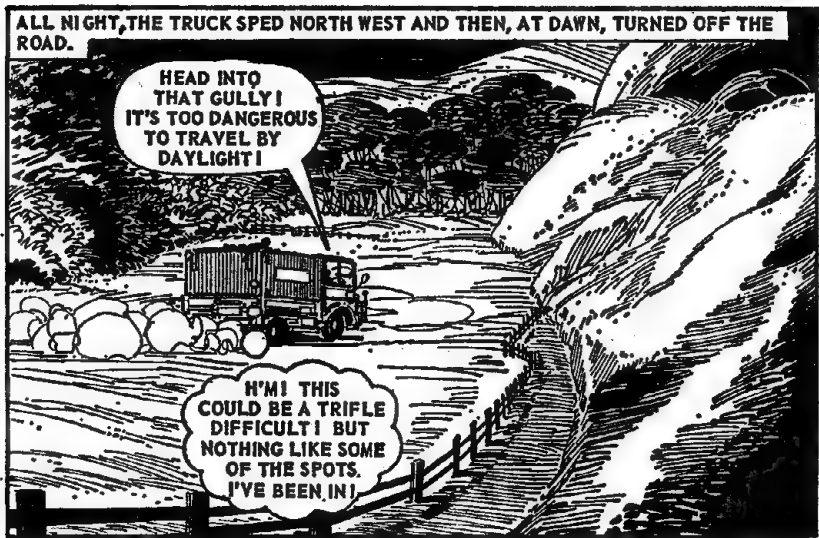
THE HI-JACKERS  
HAVE PLANNED THIS  
LIKE A MILITARY  
OPERATION...



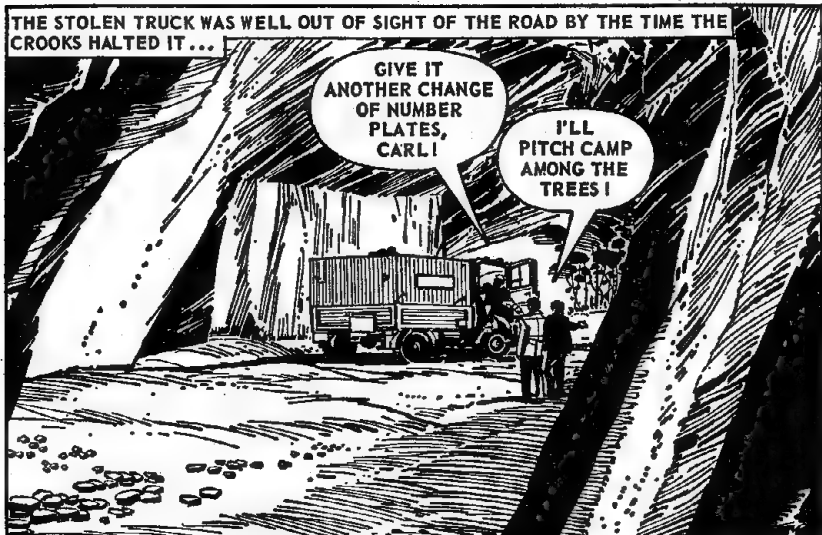
ALL NIGHT, THE TRUCK SPED NORTH WEST AND THEN, AT DAWN, TURNED OFF THE ROAD.

HEAD INTO  
THAT GULLY!  
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS  
TO TRAVEL BY  
DAYLIGHT!

H'M! THIS  
COULD BE A TRIFLE  
DIFFICULT! BUT  
NOTHING LIKE SOME  
OF THE SPOTS.  
I'VE BEEN IN!



THE STOLEN TRUCK WAS WELL OUT OF SIGHT OF THE ROAD BY THE TIME THE CROOKS HALTED IT ...



OLIVER PEERED DOWN FROM HIS HIDING PLACE ...



KRANSKI  
WILL FIND  
US! HE TAKES  
OVER THE  
TRUCK ON THE  
NEXT LEG.

KRANSKI?  
A NAME TO  
REMEMBER!  
BUT IT'S  
TIME I TOOK A  
HAND IN THIS  
GAME!



IN HIS ROLE OF SEFTON KANE, OLIVER WAS CONVINCED HE WAS INVINCIBLE.



AS CARL WENT FOR HIS GUN, OLIVER LASHED OUT...



THE BURLY CROOK STAGGERED A LITTLE - BUT THAT WAS ALL...

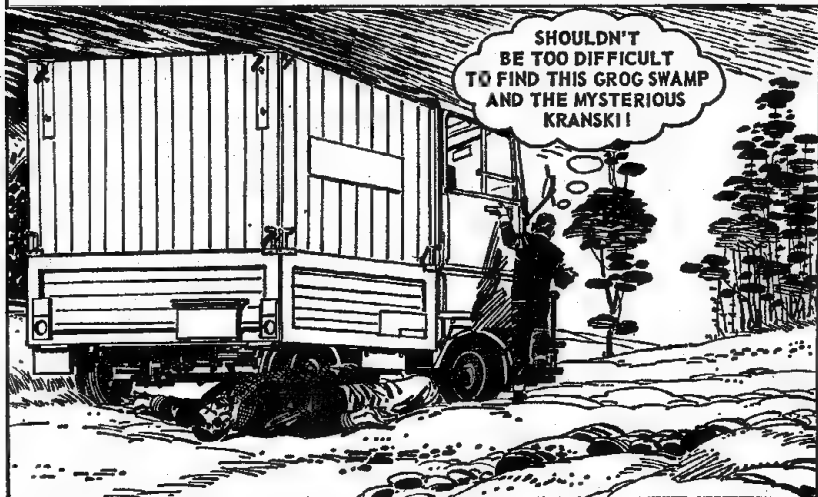
THAT'S ODD!  
HE SHOULD HAVE  
DROPPED AS IF  
POLE-AXED! I'LL  
HAVE TO GIVE HIM  
ANOTHER ONE!

A LIMEY!

IMPERVIOUS TO THE THREAT OF THE  
GUN, OLIVER STRUCK ONCE AGAIN -  
AND CARL'S HEAD COLLIDED WITH  
THE BACK OF THE TRUCK WITH  
AN OMINOUS THUD!

THAT'S A  
BETTER PUNCH!  
THOUGHT FOR A  
MOMENT I WAS  
SLIPPING!

LEAVING CARL WHERE HE HAD FALLEN, OLIVER MADE FOR THE DRIVER'S CAB...



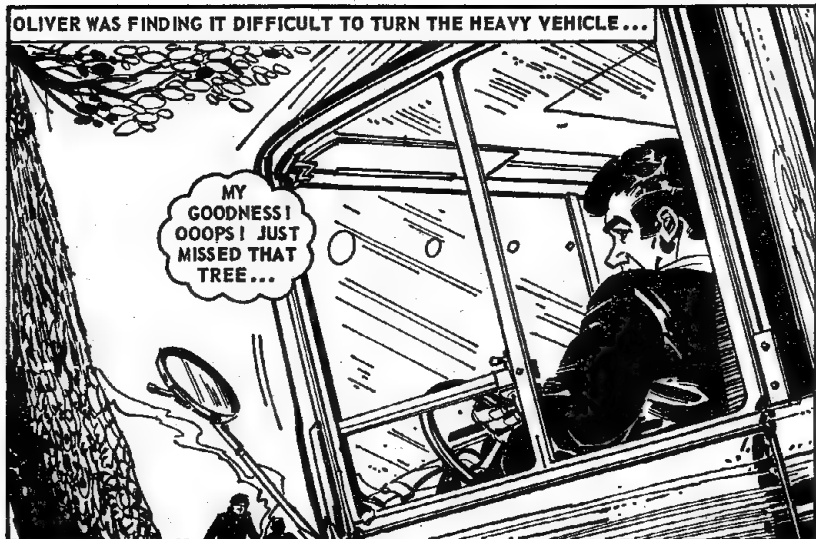
HE CLIMBED INTO THE URANEX TRUCK, AND STARTED THE ENGINE...



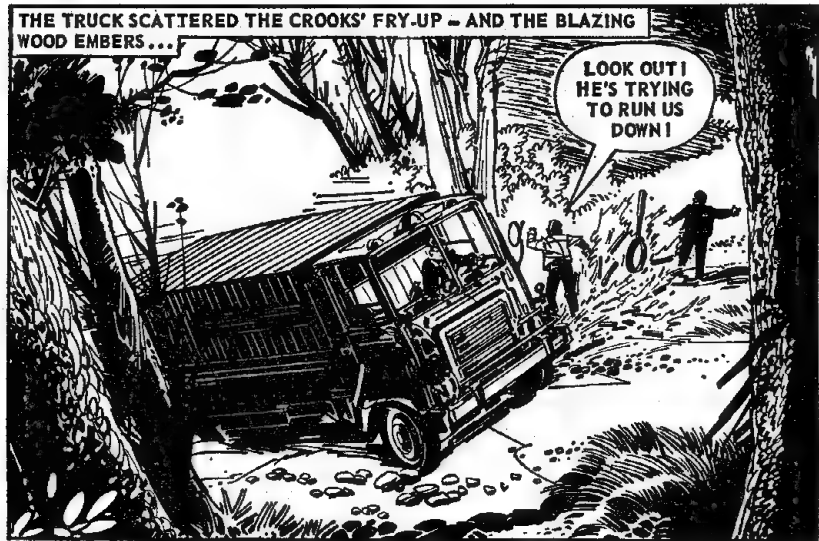
THE TWO GANGSTERS, WHO WERE COOKING SOME BREAKFAST, GAPED IN AMAZEMENT.



OLIVER WAS FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO TURN THE HEAVY VEHICLE ...

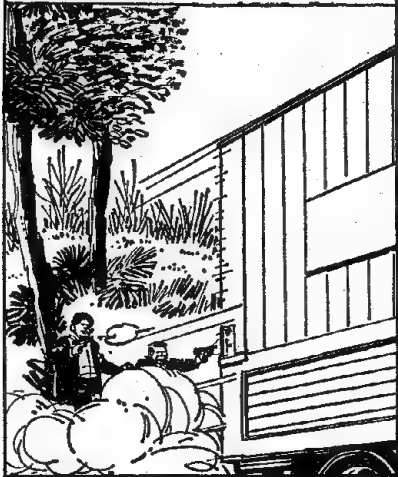


THE TRUCK SCATTERED THE CROOKS' FRY-UP - AND THE BLAZING WOOD EMBERS ...

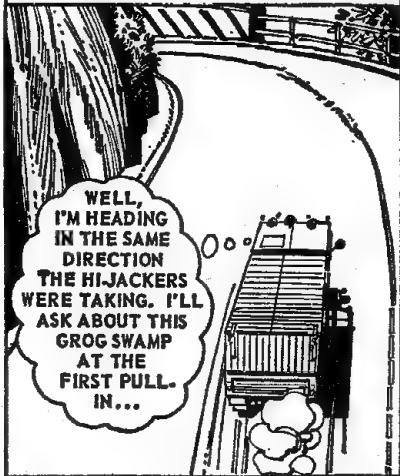




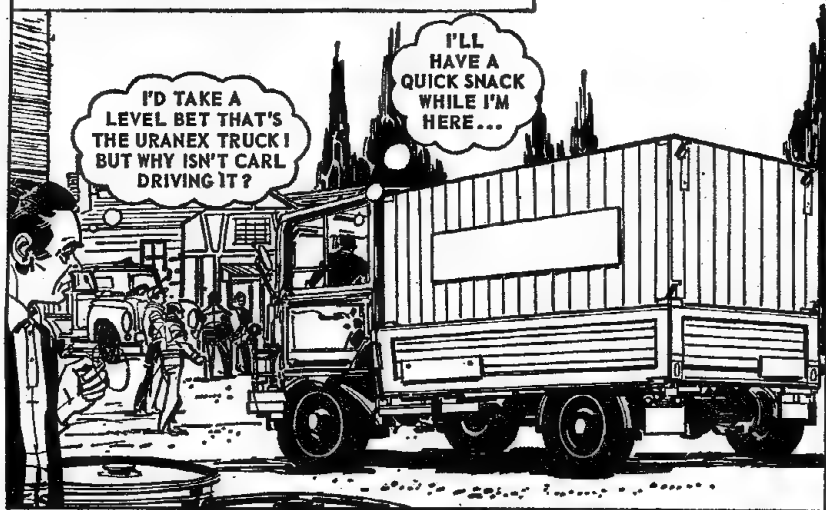
WILDLY-AIMED SHOTS PURSUED THE TRUCK BACK ON TO THE HIGHWAY...



ONCE ON THE ROAD, OLIVER PUSHED THE NEEDLE PAST EIGHTY M.P.H. ...



IT WAS MIDDAY BEFORE HE CAME TO A HIGHWAY HALT.



UNAWARE THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED,  
OLIVER ORDERED A MEAL IN THE CAFE.

ANY IDEA  
WHERE GROG SWAMP  
IS, FRIEND?

THAT'S WHERE  
I'M MAKING FOR,  
COBBER? GIVE  
ME A LIFT AND  
I'LL SHOW YOU.

IT'S A  
DEAL I  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?

O'REILLY  
- BUT THEY  
CALL ME  
BUSTER.  
ON ACCOUNT  
OF I'M GOOD  
AT FINISHING  
ARGUMENTS!

AFTER THE QUICK MEAL...

WHAT  
IS THIS  
GROG  
SWAMP?

IT'S A  
PLANTATION -  
A PLACE WHERE  
THE SUGAR-CANE  
CUTTERS MAKE BIG  
DOUGH THE  
HARD WAY...

WITH BUSTER O'REILLY BESIDE HIM,  
OLIVER DROVE AWAY...

WATCH-POST THREE REPORTING. TELL  
KRANSKI THE URANEX TRUCK IS ON ITS  
WAY! BUT WHOEVER THE DRIVER IS,  
HE'S NOT CARL!



IT WAS AN HOUR'S RUN TO GROG SWAMP.

WE'VE  
ARRIVED! I  
BELIEVE YOUR BLOKE  
KRANSKI IS THE  
MANAGER!

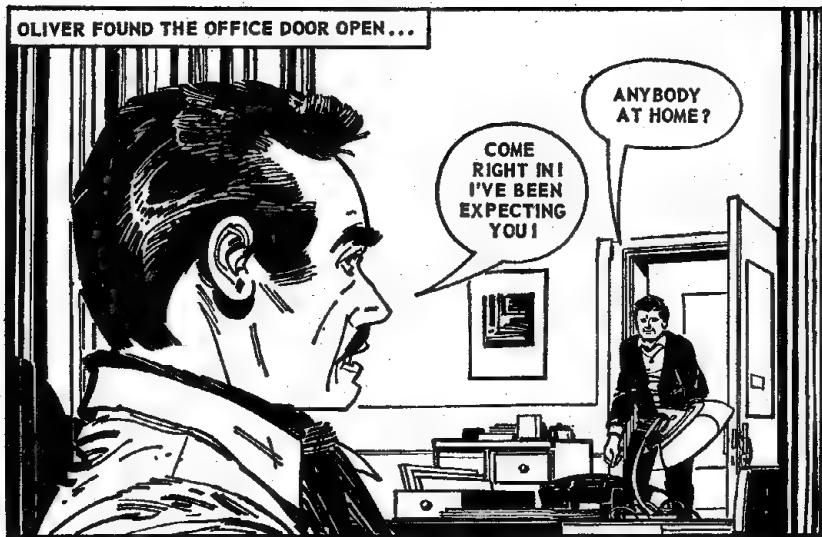
THANKS,  
BUSTER! I'LL  
DROP YOU IN THE  
COMPOUND.



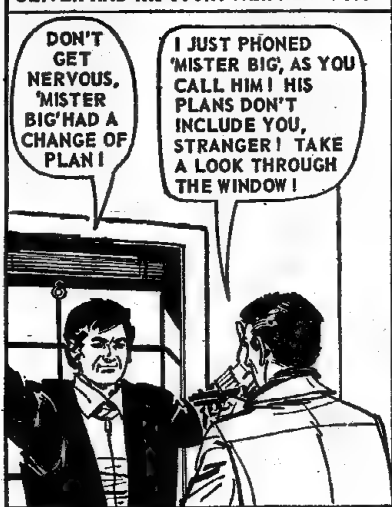
MUCH  
OBLIGED FOR  
THE LIFT. I'M  
GOING DOWN TO THE  
PLANTATION TO SEE  
THE OVERSEER ABOUT  
A JOB FOR THE  
CANE-CUTTING  
SEASON!



OLIVER FOUND THE OFFICE DOOR OPEN...



OLIVER HAD HIS STORY ALL READY...





KRANSKI FITTED A SILENCER TO HIS PISTOL...

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE - BUT YOU OBVIOUSLY KNOW TOO MUCH. Grog Swamp will take care of that! GET MOVING, STRANGER!



OLIVER WAS FORCED TO HEAD INTO THE VAST FIELDS OF SUGAR CANE THAT GREW ON THE MARSHY GROUND.

GOT TO THINK FAST - OR I'LL HAVE A BULLET IN THE BACK...!



BUT NO MATTER HOW HE WRACKED HIS BRAINS, THERE SEEMED TO BE NO ESCAPE FROM THAT THREATENING GUN. AND THEN, SUDDENLY...

WHO THE BLAZES...

NOT SO FAST, ME BOY! THAT'S A PAL OF MINE YOU'VE GOT THERE!





WAVING MURDEROUS-LOOKING MACHETTES, A GROUP OF YELLING CANE-CUTTERS  
SOUNDED AFTER THEM...



THEY GOT  
THE BOSS -  
GRAB 'EM!

WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
AROUND HERE?  
I SAW YOUR  
TRUCK KNOCKED  
OFF - AND THEN  
YOU ON THE  
END OF A  
GUN!

BUT THERE WAS LITTLE TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS.



KRANSKI'S  
A GANGSTER,  
THAT'S ALL I CAN  
TELL YOU! I'VE GOT  
TO GET AFTER  
THAT TRUCK,  
BUSTER...

YOU'LL  
BE LUCKY!  
KRANSKI'S MOB  
HAVE FIRED THE  
PLANTATION  
AND THE WIND IS  
BLOWING THIS  
WAY!



THE TINDER-DRY SUGAR CANES BURNED FURIOUSLY AND IN NO TIME, THERE WERE FLAMES ALL ABOUT THEM...



OLIVER TURNED BACK AT ONCE TO HELP HIS COMPANION, WHO WAS IN DIFFICULTIES.



BLINDED BY BILLOWING SMOKE AND SCORCHED BY THE HEAT, THEY STUMBLER ON...



THEIR CLOTHES WERE SMOULDERING BY THE TIME THEY CAME OUT ON TO THE BANKS OF THE RIVER...



BEST SWIM  
WITH THE CURRENT  
AND STAY  
UNDER AS LONG AS  
POSSIBLE...




AT LAST THEY SURFACED...

WE'VE  
MADE IT!

WE'RE SAFE  
FROM THE FIRE  
NOW, ANYWAY!  
BUT I'VE STILL GOT  
SOME UNFINISHED  
BUSINESS TO  
ATTEND TO...




THEY SWAM SOME DISTANCE DOWN-STREAM AND HAULED THEMSELVES WEARILY ON TO A LONELY LANDING-STAGE...



YOU SAVED  
MY NECK BACK  
THERE IN THE FIRE,  
PAL - AND I  
DON'T EVEN KNOW  
YOUR NAME!

KANE'S  
THE NAME,  
BUSTER - AND  
DON'T FORGET, YOU  
SAVED MINE,  
TOO!

A MAN APPROACHED THEM FROM A NEARBY HOUSE...



YOU FELLERS BEEN IN THE  
FIRE BACK THERE? I'LL GET  
THE DISTRICT DOCTOR - SEE  
TO THOSE BURNS...

THANKS -  
IS THERE SOME  
PLACE WE CAN  
WASH THE SMOKE  
AND DIRT OFF  
US...?

THE MAN POINTED OUT AN OUT-HOUSE WHERE THEY WOULD FIND SOAP AND A TOWEL - AND THEN HURRIED OFF...

NOW, MAYBE, YOU'LL TELL ME WHY THAT GEEZER KRANSKI, WAS GOING TO RUB YOU OUT...

YES, I GUESS I DO OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION, BUSTER!



OLIVER TOLD BUSTER THEN ABOUT HIS BID TO SAVE SIR HAILEY GALE AND RECOVER THE MISSING ATOMIC-POWERED PLANE...

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! YOU - A PRIVATE EYE-TYPE - TRACKING THE X-ELEVEN!

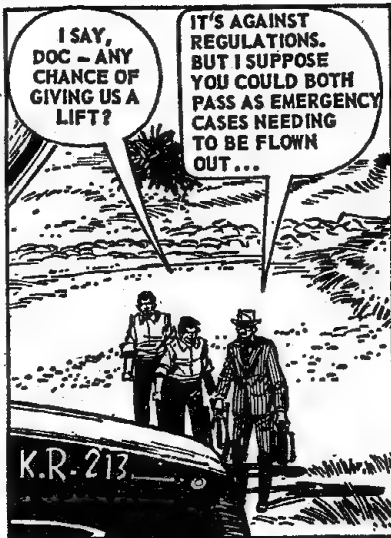


THAT'S RIGHT, BUSTER - AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GET TO BIRD SPRINGS, WHERE THEY WERE TAKING THAT TRUCK!

THERE'S A FUEL RESEARCH PLANT AT BIRD SPRINGS! SOUNDS LIKE THAT'S WHERE URANEX IS PROCESSED! WELL, I'VE BEEN DEALT A HAND IN THIS GAME NOW - SO I'LL COME WITH YOU, KANE!

I'M THE DOCTOR! I WAS TOLD YOU CHAPS NEEDED ME!





IT WAS AFTER SUNDOWN WHEN THEY TOOK OFF, AND HALF-AN-HOUR LATER...

THAT'S WHERE WE'RE  
AIMING FOR, DOC! BIRD SPRINGS  
RESEARCH STATION!

YOU SAY  
YOUR MISSION  
IS IMPORTANT?  
VERY WELL, I'LL  
PUT YOU DOWN  
NEAR THE ADMIN.  
OFFICES...



THE HELICOPTER TOUCHED DOWN CLOSE TO THE RESEARCH STATION THAT  
SERVED A REMOTE RANGE FOR ROCKET TESTING ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT.

THAT'S  
FUNNY —  
THERE'S NO SIGN  
OF LIFE! BUT  
THERE'S ALWAYS  
SOMEONE  
ABOUT...



THE DOCTOR DECIDED TO ACCOMPANY THEM TO THE MAIN BUILDING - AND THERE A HORRIFYING SIGHT MET THEIR GAZE...

GREAT  
SCOTT!  
THERE'S BEEN A  
REGULAR BATTLE  
HERE!

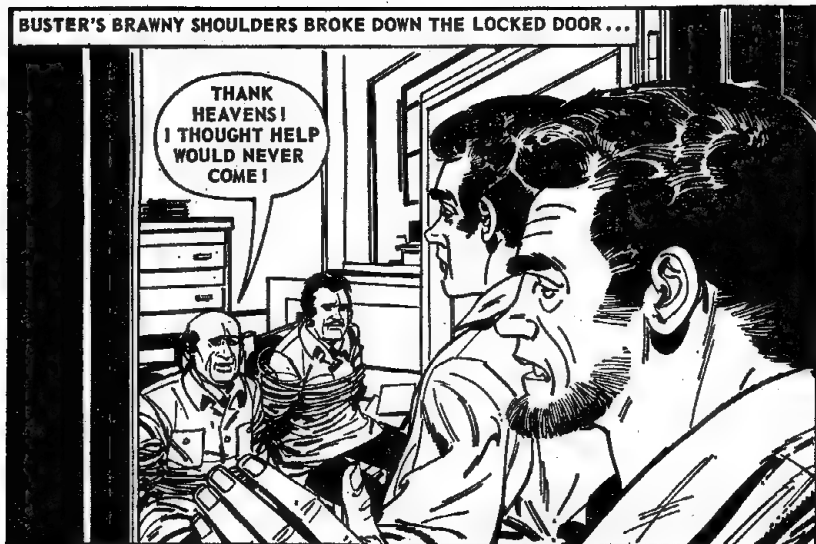


THE DOCTOR MADE A QUICK EXAMINATION...

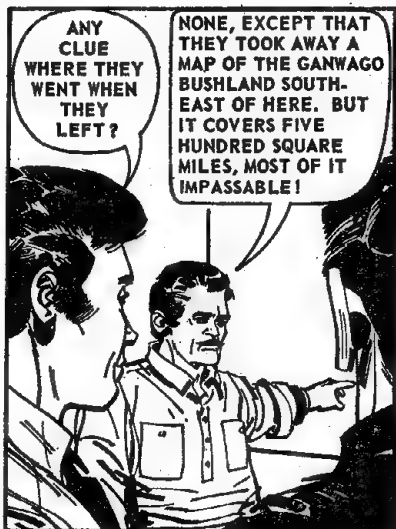
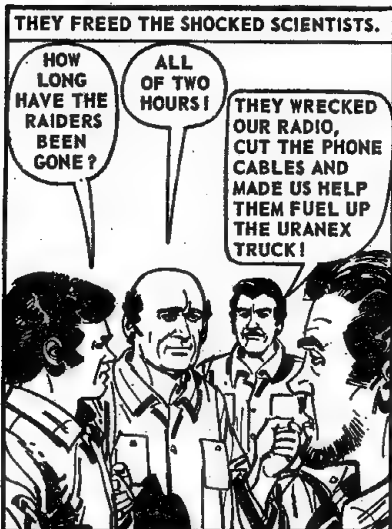
THESE  
MEN HAVE  
BEEN KNOCKED OUT  
BY A NERVE  
GAS!



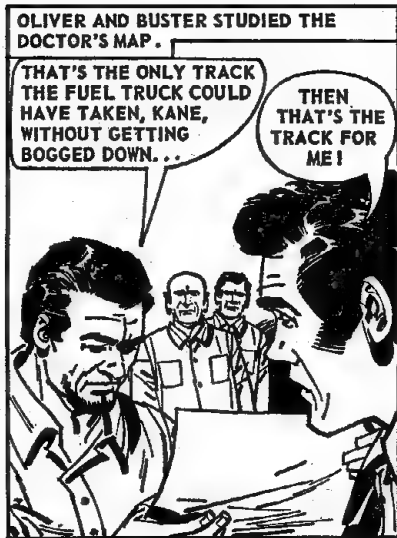
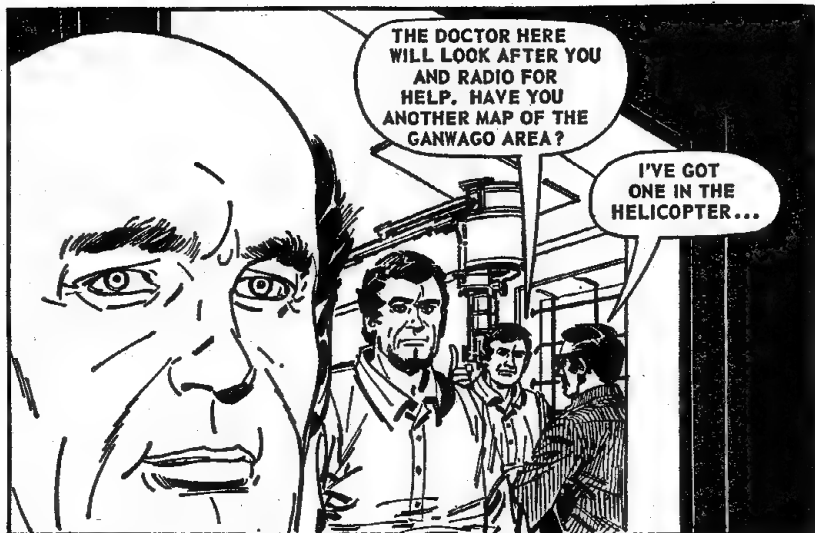
**BUSTER'S BRAVY SHOULDERS BROKE DOWN THE LOCKED DOOR...**



**THEY FREED THE SHOCKED SCIENTISTS.**

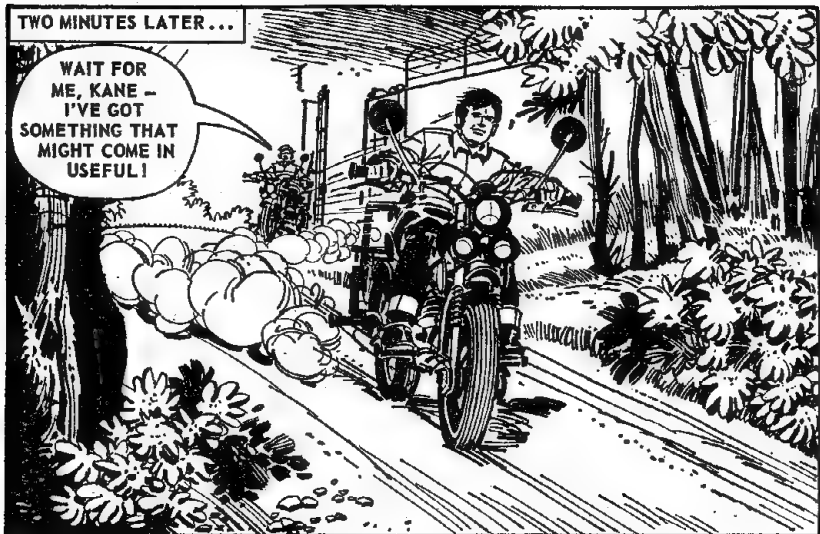






TWO MINUTES LATER...

WAIT FOR  
ME, KANE -  
I'VE GOT  
SOMETHING THAT  
MIGHT COME IN  
USEFUL!



BUSTER RODE ALONGSIDE.

STEN GUNS!  
WHERE'D YOU GET  
THEM?

BORROWED  
'EM FROM THE  
MAIN GATE  
GUARD-ROOM!  
I'VE A FEELING  
WE MAY NEED  
THEM!



FOR TWO HOURS, THEY RODE AT RECKLESS SPEED OVER THE DUSTY, MOONLIT TRACK.

THERE'S A FORK AHEAD! WE'LL HAVE TO GUESS WHICH TRACK THEY TOOK!

PULL UP! WE'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE MAP.



OLIVER GOT OUT THE DOCTOR'S MAP...

NO GOOD TAKING THE RIGHT FORK! IT ONLY LEADS TO AN ABORIGINAL BURIAL GROUND - OF THE BANJA TRIBE, IT SAYS! THEY'RE A LONG-DEAD TRIBE!



SO IT'S PROBABLY NOT VISITED ANY MORE! MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT'D BE A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE A LOOK, BUSTER.

SO THEY TOOK THE RIGHT FORK...

BY CRACKKEY, KANE, YOU'RE RIGHT! TYRE MARKS!

OF THE URANEX TRUCK, FOR A CERT! WE'RE GETTING WARM, BUSTER!



TWO HOURS OF CAUTIOUS TRACKING BROUGHT THEM TO THE BASIN-LIKE RIM OF THE BANJA VALLEY...



THE MISSING  
X-ELEVEN!

THE  
TRUCK'S  
BESIDE IT -  
THEY'RE  
FUELLING  
IT UP!

THEY LEFT THEIR BIKES...

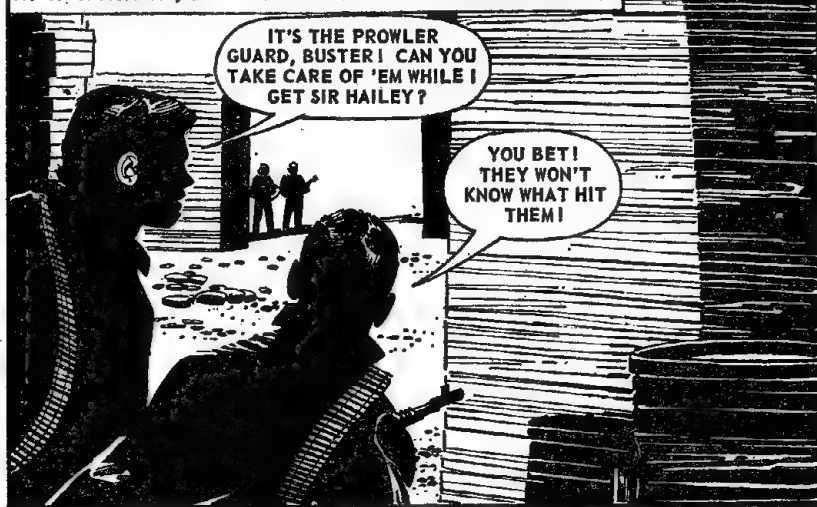
THE GANG KIDNAPPED  
SIR HAILEY TO FORCE HIM  
TO FLY HIS PLANE OUT OF HERE  
FOR THEM! LET'S TAKE A  
LOOK IN THAT HUT DOWN  
THERE, BUSTER!

OKAY,  
BUT KEEP YOUR  
STEN GUN  
READY, KANE!  
THIS COULD BE  
TRICKY!

BUT THEY CAT-FOOTED TO THE HUT, UNSEEN BY ANY GUARDS.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE INTRUDERS HEARD MEN APPROACHING...



BUSTER MELTED INTO THE DARKNESS AND OLIVER OPENED THE DOOR OF THE HUT ...



THE TWO GANGSTERS SULLENLY YIELDED TO THE THREAT ...

IF YOU'RE THE MYSTERY MAN CALLED KANE, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! MY MEN WILL TAKE YOU - AND I, PERSONALLY, WILL FINISH YOU, KANE!



SO YOU'RE 'MISTER BIG'? YOU TALK 'BIG', TOO, EH?

JUST AS OLIVER FREED SIR HAILEY, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION ROCKED THE VALLEY ...

SOUNDS LIKE OLD BUSTER HAS OPENED HOSTILITIES! SIR HAILEY, TIE UP THESE TWO, PLEASE ...



FIVE MINUTES LATER, OLIVER ESCORTED SIR HAILEY AND THE TWO ROPED PRISONERS OUT OF THE HUT.

MAKE  
FOR THE  
PLANE, SIR  
HAILEY...

WH-WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?  
IT SOUNDS LIKE  
ALL HELL  
HAS BROKEN  
LOOSE!



BUSTER ANSWERED THE PLANE  
DESIGNER'S QUESTION...

I JUST CLEANED UP THIS PLACE!  
THERE'S NOBODY LEFT STANDING  
ON THEIR FEET EXCEPT US, KANE!



I SEE NOW WHY THEY  
CALL YOU 'BUSTER'!

THEY HEADED FOR THE X-ELEVEN AND  
CLIMBED ABOARD...

WE KNOW THE X-ELEVEN HAS BEEN  
RE-FUELLED. CAN YOU PILOT THE  
PLANE TO BRISBANE,  
SIR HAILEY?



IF I CAN'T, NO-ONE CAN, OLIVER!  
BUT WHY DO THEY CALL YOU 'KANE'?





WHEN HE CAME TO, THE X-ELEVEN WAS AIR-BORNE AND THE DAWN WAS BREAKING.

WHERE AM I? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

WE'RE NEARING BRISBANE! I'VE SENT A MESSAGE BY RADIO AND YOU'RE GONNA GET A HERO'S WELCOME, KANE!

KANE? I'M NOT KANE! IT COMES BACK TO ME NOW - MY NAME'S OLIVER TIBBITS!

SO KANE WAS A COVER NAME? IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME. - YOU'RE THE COOLEST WHIZZ. BANG I EVER MET, AND I'VE MET PLENTY PAL!

AT BRISBANE AIRPORT, THE PROTOTYPE ATOMIC-POWERED PLANE TOUCHED DOWN TO A SCENE OF RISING EXCITEMENT...

... AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, WE SHALL BRING YOU A TV INTERVIEW WITH THE INTREPID YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WHO BROUGHT THE SKY-JACKERS TO JUSTICE...

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, IN THE AIRPORT RECEPTION ROOM...

YOU -  
YOU SAY  
YOU'RE NOT  
SEFTON  
KANE ?

NO,  
WHATEVER  
GAVE YOU THAT  
IDEA ? OLIVER  
TIBBITS IS MY NAME.  
I WAS A REPORTER  
BUT I'VE FOUND A  
JOB MORE SUITED  
TO MY TALENTS.  
I'M GOING INTO  
PARTNERSHIP WITH  
MY BUDDY HERE -  
BUSTER O'REILLY.  
'TROUBLESHOOTERS  
UNLIMITED', WE  
ARE GOING TO  
CALL  
OURSELVES!



# The BIG JOB

OF SEAN O'CONNELL'S THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS, AT LEAST HALF OF THEM HAD BEEN SPENT IN PRISON FOR PETTY CRIMES. BUT NOW THINGS LOOKED LIKE CHANGING...



THAT'S THE  
YARD, BOYO. O' COURSE,  
THE GATES'LL BE  
LOCKED WHEN WE COMES  
A-VISITIN'!

I'LL BE  
OPENIN' THAT  
PADLOCK WITHOUT  
ANY TROUBLE,  
AT ALL!

AT LAST SEAN WAS  
PLANNING TO PULL OFF  
THE BIG JOB HE HAD  
DREAMED ABOUT FOR  
YEARS...



ME MATE  
IN CORK SAYS TEN  
THOUSAND QUID. TEN  
THOUSAND! TINK O'  
THAT, HANNIGAN!

HOW MUCH IS THE  
WHISKY GOING  
TER BE WORTH,  
SEAN?

THEY MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO SEAN'S LODGINGS WHERE TWO OTHER MEN WERE WAITING FOR THEM...

HOW'D IT GO THEN, SEAN?

FOINE, FLAHERTY. HANNIGAN SAYS HE CAN UNDO THE LOCK EASY ENOUGH.

WHEN DO WE DO THE JOB, THEN?

IN FOUR DAYS' TIME, KELLY. THE WAGON-LOAD'LL BE COMIN' IN LATE, SO THEY'LL HOLD IT OVER IN THE YARD TILL THE MORNIN'.

ONLY IT WON'T BE THERE THE NEXT MORNING, EH?

THE FOUR MEN SPENT THE NEXT TWO HOURS PLANNING THE JOB AND THEN WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS...

BEJABBERS! I SHOULD CLEAR FIVE THOUSAND GUID! 'TIS GOIN' TO BE A FOINE CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR, SEAN, ME BOYO!

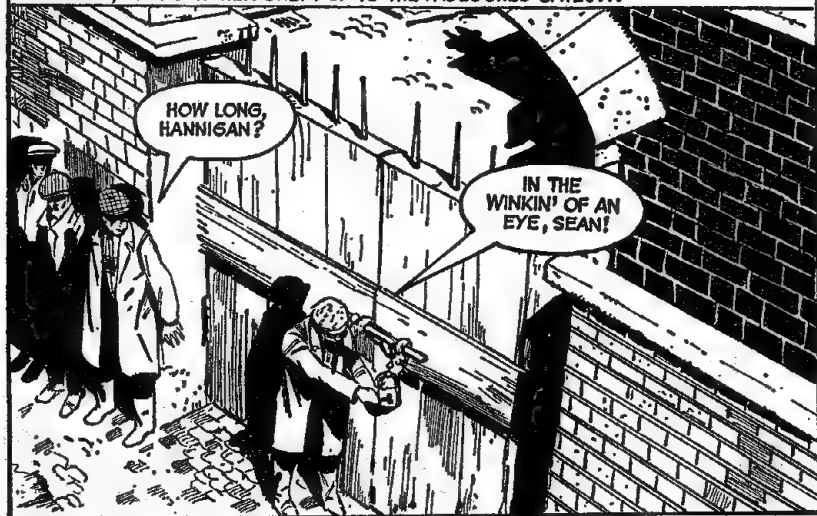
WHEN THE APPOINTED NIGHT CAME, THE FOUR MEN MET IN SEAN'S FAVOURITE PUB...



THE COLD NIGHT AIR MADE THEM HUNCH DOWN INTO THEIR COATS WHEN THEY STEPPED OUTSIDE AND HEADED ACROSS THE CITY. THE "BIG JOB" WAS ON...



THE RAILWAY YARD WAS IN DARKNESS WHEN THEY REACHED IT. KEEPING CLOSE TO THE WALL, THE FOUR MEN CREPT UP TO THE PADLOCKED GATES...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, HANNIGAN WAS STILL BENT OVER THE PADLOCK...



THE PADLOCK SNAPPED WITH A NOISE THAT ECHOED DOWN THE STREET...



THEY WAITED FOR FIVE TENSE MINUTES INSIDE THE YARD, BUT NO-ONE CAME TO INVESTIGATE THE NOISE. THEY MOVED ON... AND THEN...



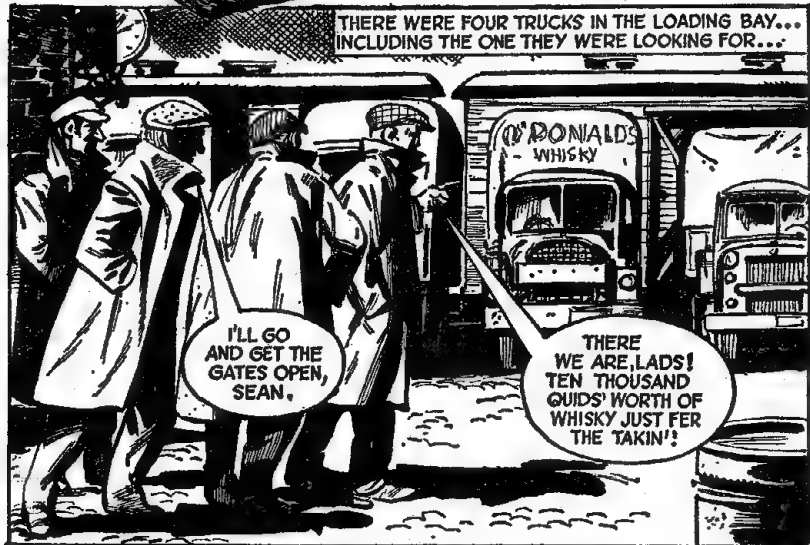
SEAN AND HANNIGAN BOTH DIVED FOR THE FALLING DRUM, BUT WERE TOO LATE...



AGAIN THEY WAITED. BUT AGAIN, LUCK WAS WITH THEM...



THERE WERE FOUR TRUCKS IN THE LOADING BAY... INCLUDING THE ONE THEY WERE LOOKING FOR...



SEAN HAD A LARGE BUNCH OF KEYS WITH HIM AND SOON FOUND ONE THAT FITTED THE IGNITION...



HE PRESSED THE STARTER BUTTON...AND THE TRUCK SHOT BACK IN REVERSE...

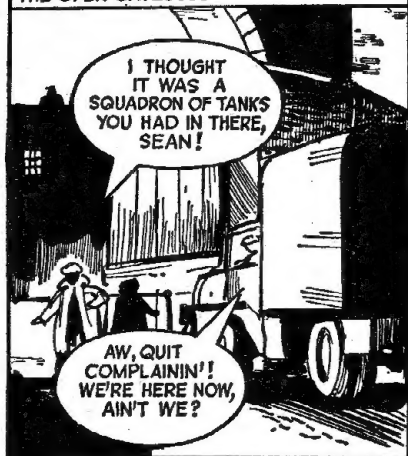


SHAKEN AND BRUISED, THEY SORTED THEMSELVES OUT.

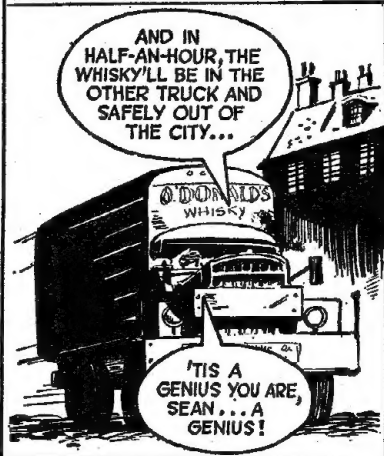




AT LAST, THE TRUCK LURCHED TOWARDS  
THE OPEN GATES...



THE DRIVE ACROSS THE CITY WENT  
WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT...



FIVE MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE SAFELY IN THE WAREHOUSE...



THE TRUCK'S LOCKING BAR SOON  
GAVE WAY TO SEAN'S CROWBAR.  
EAGERLY HE SWUNG OPEN THE  
DOORS OF THE WAGON. THEN...

'TIS  
EMPTY!

I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!

SEAN COULD HARDLY SPEAK...

ME MATE TOLD ME THE  
WHISKY'D BE IN THE YARD  
ON THE FOURTEENTH!  
HE MUST HAVE GOT  
IT WRONG!

THE FOURTEENTH?  
SEAN O'CONNELL,  
YOU'RE A BIGGER IDJOT  
THAN I EVER TOOK  
YER FOR! 'TIS THE  
FIFTEENTH, TODAY!

HIS POOR BRAIN REELING, SEAN COLLAPSED  
ON TO AN EMPTY CRATE...

WE GOT THE RIGHT WAGON  
ALL RIGHT. BUT IT WAS ON  
ITS WAY BACK TO THE  
BREWERY AFTER BEING  
UNLOADED!

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